The Daily News,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 30.

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE.

Cousin Geoffrey's Chamber.*

BY HON. MRS. HENRY CLIFFORD.

PART II.

On New Year's Eve the guests assembled for the coming-of-age ball that night, and to stay over the next day, when a tenants' supper was to take place. There is no need to describe them: they were pleasant, good natured people, most of them old friends and neighbours of the Pagonels; and, as I had met them, year after year, during my holiday visits at Ernscliff, they were all kind in their notice of me, and civil in their regrets at hearing that this was my last stay there before leaving England. The only stranger, besides the Miss Morton, s whose coming had caused so much discussion, was Miss Benett, the heiress, who came with the Lord Lieutenant's party from Lascelles Acres. I could not help looking at her with much interest, and I am afraid I felt an uncharitable vexation at finding her to be a remarkable sweet-looking girl, very young, and simple in appearance and manner, and so unaffectedly delighted with the grand old castle, and the wide expanse of park through which they had driven, that I could almost have accused her, spitefully, of wishing to win Hugh's heart by praising the home which he loved so dearly. With my childish notion of what an heiress must be like, I was rather surprised to see her dressed in a sober, dark coloured linsey, and coarse straw bonnet of the plainest kind; but, when we all went to dresss after dinner, I heard Lady Lascelles telling Mrs Pagonel that she had persuaded 'Isabella to bring her jewels, as she thought they really were worth seeing;' and accordingly she entered the great drawing-room where we were to dance blazing with diamonds, which gleamed from the bosom of her white lace dress, and shone like stars in her thick plaits of light brown hair. She blushed a little when they were admired by all who felt intimate enough to speak of them to her, and anxiously explained that Lady Lascelles had made her wear them, as if she dreaded being supposed to have herself wished to make the display: and again I felt unreasonably annoyed, angered at the pretty, diffident manner which formed such a piquant contrast to her gorgeous ornaments, and cruelly mortified when a glance at the mirror showed me my tall figure in a dress of the simplest muslin (manufactured by my own fingers under the superintendence of Mrs. Pagonel's maid), and my dark hair with a simple wreath of holly laid across it. The consciousness that my face was wreathed into a peculiarly crabbed and unlovely form warned me to recover my temper, and try to acquire something less unlike the sweet looks of the heiress; and I turned away from the mirror and endeavoured to throw myself into the interest of the moment. The ball began and went on with great spirit. I had plenty of partners, and should have enjoyed myself thoroughly, if it had not been that Hugh did not once dance with me—a state of things unprecedented at any of the Ernscliff festivities since I was seven years old. Last year I should have taken him to task for his neglect as fearlessly as if he had been my brother; now I could only fret inwardly while I tried to assume an extra gaiety of manner whenever he was near me, especially if Miss Barnett was his partner.

The result was that I was thoroughly tired before the end of the evening, and heartily glad when I heard the guests who were not staying at Ernscliff order their carriages; and, when the squire insisted that the ball should wind up with Sir Roger de Coverley, I stole away into a small room adjoining the drawing-room, and always known as the 'spirit chamber,'—not, I believe, from any ghostly association, but simply from the preference of the Pagonel ancestry for having something at hand, Gamplike, to which they 'could put their lips when so disposed.' It was fitted up as a little boudoir, and there I found Beatrice alone, looking so blue and cold, that I exclaimed at the sight,—

'What have you been doing to yourself, Bee? You look like a ghost.'

'Don't talk about ghosts!' she said with a little shiver; 'I am so ashamed of myself, Katie! I have a regular fit of nerves upon me to-night—so unlike me!'

'Are you not well, dear Bee?'

'Quite; but it is so foolish! You know I can't dance long without getting a pain in my side, and it is the same with Margaret Ducie; so we came in here to rest, and our partners would come with us; and somehow they began asking about the family pictures in the hall, and that led to talking about Cousin Geoffrey's room, and they made me tell the story.'

'And you frightened yourself? Oh! Bee, what a triumph! I thought you were much too wise to care for ghosts or goblins.'

'That didn't frighten me; but then Margaret told their horrible ghost-story, and Captain Lascelles capped it with something worse. You know I always dislike that sort of ghost talk, which seems to me such waste of time and trial of nerves for nothing; but I could not stop it, and none of them knew that I was to sleep in that dreary, lonely room to-night.'

'And you shan't sleep there,' I cried; 'you shall have my room, Bee, darling. I shan't mind sleeping down-stairs in the least.'

'No; I'm not quite so selfish as that,' she said. 'I shall be all right when I get to bed and asleep; I can't think why I have such a silly fit: it is very unlike me, I flatter myself—very odd.'

'Not odd at all, my dear, when you consider that you were up at five this morning dressing the supper-table, and have been hard at work ever since. You may have prodigious strength of mind, but in body you are not a Hurcules; and nerves belong to the body, don't they?'

The dance was over, the guests departing; and we had to emerge from our retreat. At the door Hugh was standing, leaning against the wall, and looking gloomy enough, but gazing fixedly across the room. Following his eyes, I saw, with a thrill of pain, that they were riveted on Miss Barnett, who was looking peculiarly soft and attractive as she stood listening to Captain Lascelles, the light flashing from her splendid jewels.

'Do you admire her, Hugh?' I heard Beatrice whisper.

'I admire her jewels,' he answered; 'but her hair is hardly dark enough to set them off. Wouldn't they look well in black hair? I certainly do like diamonds.'

'Most people do,' his sister said, smiling.

'I wish I thought that I should ever be able to dress up my wife in such jewels as those,' he answered.

'Well,' she glanced with her demure gravity at his face; 'you know the way, Hugh; saint heart never won fair lady.'

'Ah! but the jewels must be of my giving, or I shouldn't value them a rush,' he said; and as he moved off to hand some lady to her carriage, I felt my heart wonderfully lightened, and was ready to respond cordially when Beatrice began to sing Miss Barnett's praises.

It was some time before the various guests were shown to their rooms; but as soon as they had disappeared in their different directions I drew Beatrice into the little closet where I was to sleep. She was looking white and over-tired; and though well aware that it was not easy to persuade her to relinquish a plan, I was determined that she should not pass the night in that dreary room down-stairs.

'Beatrice,' I began, trying to be very authoritative, 'I am going to help you out of your dress, and wrap you up in my dressing-gown, and then I shall carry my goods down-stairs and bring yours up. I am quite determined to change places with you to-night.'

'You shall do nothing of the kind, Katie; I am quite ashamed of myself as it is, but you can't suppose I'm quite so selfish!'

'Selfish? but really and truly I should enjoy the fun. You know I like an adventure, and here is the chance of one for me; and I am not feeling in the least nervous to-night.'

'I wouldn't on any account. Couldn't we both squeeze in here for this short part of a night?'

And she glanced at the tiny bed which had been with difficulty wedged in from wall to wall of the little cell. I laughed at the idea, but was charmed to see this sign of wavering, and by a few more vehement words I carried my point, for indeed Beatrice was overtired and unhinged, and had not the strength to oppose me. In one thing, however, she was unpersuadable; she insisted on helping me to carry down my garments, and on seeing me safely installed in my apartment. This I allowed her to do, knowing that the servants were still about, and that therefore her night journey through the gloomy house would not be as eerie as it sounded.

The door of Cousin Geoffrey's room gave a dismal creak as it swung back on its rusty hinges, and the candle which each of us carried only made the great cavern of darkness look more impenetrable. Truly it was a dreary room, even apart from the memories of sin, and remorse, and lonely wretchedness which seemed to hang heavily about it. Like most rooms in Ernscliff Castle it was panelled with oak; the window recesses were of such depth as to form small rooms, testifying to the immense thickness of the walls, and were only half concealed by the scanty curtains, so fusty and ragged that I think they must have come down from the days of Cousin Geoffrey himself. There was a dreary array of dilapidated chairs, broken tables, and odds and ends of furniture banished for their ugliness from the more civilized parts of the house, and a space had been cleared in the middle for the light stretcher—a reminiscence of the squire's campaigning days—for a hastily-arranged dressing-table and a sponging bath—the latter an essentially every-day, nineteenth-century affair, which was quite a cheering sight amidst so much dilapidation and decay. The housemaid had forgotten, or had been afraid to visit the room since dark, and the logs on the hearth had smouldered themselves away. This was the first thing which struck Beatrice, and with a shiver she exclaimed—

'Oh, dear, they have let the fire out! how excessively dreary!'

'Never mind,' I cried, 'it is all *en regle*; much more ghostified than if it were warm and light, like any common-place room. Now, Bee, make haste to bed. Here, bundle all these things over your arm—good night.'

'I can't bear to leave you,' she said, lingering; but my spirit was now thoroughly up to the adventure, and I would not hear of giving it up. I laughed at all of Beatrice's demurs and scruples, told her that she would be a ghost herself if she stayed any longer shivering in the cold; and finally dismissed her, saying, as I gave her a last kiss, and saw her wistful, troubled look at me: 'My dear, you needn't make yourself unhappy! you know I don't possess nerves—I never was afraid of anything in my life.'

Foolish, boastful words, which I had often said before, but which I was never to say again.

(To be continued.)

The Cornell Era, just started at Cornell University, tells the following good story:—A few days ago, as a gentleman from Ithaca was riding over the country, he saw a farmer's boy standing by the roadside holding a horse, which he recognized as belonging to an Ithaca livery establishment. Being lonely, and desiring to converse with some one, he asked the boy who was the owner of the horse. The boy replied: "It belongs to a crazy Dutchman looking for birds' nests over yonder in the woods." The "crazy Dutchman" was none other than Prof. Louis Agassiz.

A circular, purporting to emanate from the Seymour Vigilance Committee, says that the Committee have been informed that certain persons have been making threats against the "regulators," and that if these threats are carried into execution the persons in question may expect to be summarily dealt with; but that if they conduct themselves civily toward the "regulators," that body will permit the persons warned to live in their homes and protect them.

The nearest point on the Union Pacific Railroad where coal can be obtained is at Carbon, 138 miles west of Cheyenne. No coal is found between this point and the middle of Iowa, 1,000 miles. The country between Omaha and the Black Hills has been stripped of what little timber there was originally upon it. The people of Colorado are accordingly congratulating themselves on the prospects for their own coal beds; which furnish a good quality of coal, and in large quantities.

Lace cotton is now attracting the attention of the Southern agriculturists. It is already raised in Texas, and will probably be introduced into other parts of the South. It is reported to be superior to any other variety for poor soil or uplands, exhibiting a strong healthy growth, and yielding largely. Its strength is equal to a strain of seven and a half pounds to each thread, while a similar thread of the best American cotton will support a weight of only five pounds. It is said to resemble Egyptian cotton, which in England is worth one-fourth more than American.

The *Monthly Reporter* of the British and Foreign Bible Society for Nov. says that contributions have been already received in aid of Bible circulation in Spain. Ever since the breaking out of the revolution the Committee have been in constant correspondence with friends in Spain and the adjacent countries, arranging plans of operation. Large supplies of Spanish Scriptures were near the frontier at several points. Some have already entered. Colportage will be immediately commenced, and several well qualified men are ready to enter upon the work. The committee announce their determination "to spare neither labour nor money" in giving the Scriptures to this land, so long closed to their admission.

A provincial journal gives an account of the shooting exploits of the Emperor and his friends at the preserves of Royallieu and Lacroix. The game, chiefly consisting of pheasants and partridges, are driven into a locality where the guns are stationed, and there the noble sportsmen, without moving, blaze away. The following is the list of head of game killed by the Imperial party on Wednesday last: The Emperor, 179; Prince de Metternich, 217; Marquis de Moustier, 107; M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, 86; Duke d'Albuquerque, 97; Count de Montebello, 90; Count de Solms, 171; Count de Pourtales, 204.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS GUESTS AT COMPIEGNE.

The Emperor is enjoying his brief respite, not from the cares of State, for they never leave him a moment's repose, and less quietude now than ever, but from the still more vexatious, harassing cares of entertaining company at Compiegne. His guests come and go in batches—a series as they are called at court; and each series leaves the chateau on Saturday morning, and the next series does not arrive until Monday evening. So his Majesty has an interval to himself, and how intense must be his enjoyment of the immunity from the presence of the pompous bores who buzz about his *salons*. They who have just returned express themselves delighted with their sojourn, and with the Emperor's kindness and hospitality. They describe him as attending to the minutest trifles which might be conducive to their comfort. The Emperor is in the enjoyment of excellent health, but with an increasing disinclination for physical exertion.

A SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE.

The *London News* gives the particulars of the recent submarine earthquake in the Atlantic. Captain Christi of the bark Euphrosyne relates that when his vessel was in latitude about 16 deg 40m. south, and longitude 4 west, the sky suddenly became overcast with dense black-looking clouds, and in all directions was heard a noise resembling distant cannonading, while the sea became tossed and confused. To these signs of agitation another was added of peculiar significance. The compass vibrated largely and almost lost its polarity, a sure sign that a terrestrial disturbance to some great extent and violence was in progress. Several large meteors shot out from the heavens, a phenomenon which can hardly be associated with the occurrence of submarine disturbance, unless we suppose that burning matter had been projected from some submarine volcano, and that the flying masses were mistaken by Captain Christi for meteoric bodies. Fish jumped out of the sea and struck against the sides of the ship, and the trembling of the vessel could be distinctly felt as well as heard. Both the last named phenomena point so distinctly to submarine action as to remove all doubt which might be suggested by the appearance of meteors. The intense heat of the matter thrown out in submarine convulsions invariably drives the fish away from the neighbourhood, killing large quantities of those who happen to be near the outlet from which the burning matter is being erupted. Captain Christi relates that the volcanic action of the sea continued during the night until sunrise, when the weather became clear and settled.

A brewery in Halifax, that of Messrs. O'Mullin, turns out eleven thousand gallons of ale and porter per week.

A project is on foot to organize a company for affording relief to this thronging city by filling up the East river from just above the Navy Yard to near the junction of the Harlem and East Rivers. This would afford ample scope and verge for the growth of the metropolis until it had covered, if need be, the whole of Long Island. We should then have two magnificent harbours—the one that now exists, and another in the neighbourhood of Harlem and Astoria. As a part of this grand enterprise, Harlem River is to be cleared out and made navigable for the largest ships, so that vessels which come down the Sound and wish to go up the Hudson or out to sea can easily do so, while those entering from the ocean can readily pass into the Sound. We understand that competent engineers pronounce the work entirely feasible, and believe that it can be completed in two years, while wealthy capitalists will agree to do it for the new land thus created, and pay a bonus of millions of dollars besides.—*New York Sun.*

Daylight begins to appear through the Hoosac tunnel. On Thursday afternoon, the Governor and Council of Massachusetts signed a contract with Messrs Shanly Brothers, of Canada, for its completion. The contractors agree to complete the tunnel, and lay down four and three-quarter miles of substantial railway track through it, for four million five hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars. They agree to commence operations at once with energy, and by the first day of May next to deepen the central shaft 14 inches per day, and to advance from the east and west faces two hundred and fifty feet per month. They engage to carry down the central shaft to the base of the tunnel by May 1st, 1870, and thereafter to advance from four faces the full-sized tunnel at the rate of four thousand nine hundred feet per year. At this rate of progress they would complete the enterprise in less than four years, but as a safeguard against all casualties, they are allowed a year more for the completion. They expect, however, to complete the undertaking two years within the time prescribed by statute.

At a time when the bloated armaments of this foolish planet occupy so large a place in the attention of its people, it may not be uninteresting to note the sort of weapons actually in use among the principal forces of Europe. The guard, line, reserve and entire Landwehr of the Federal army of North Germany are supplied with the needlegun, and the South German armies, including the infantry of Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, and Wurtemberg, have the same arms. Bavaria has adopted the Werner musket, with which she is hastening to supply her troops. Austria, at the close of last July, had 30,000 Werner rifles. The whole of the French army was supplied with the famous Chassepot rifles towards the close of last Spring. On the first of last month the entire Belgian forces received the Albini musket in exchange for its former guns. In Italy, at the beginning of last July, 4 regiments of Bersaglieri out of 5—equal to 52 battalions—were armed with the Prussian needlegun, slightly modified. Since the commencement of the represent year, the British army has been supplied with the Snider rifle. The armament of the Danish troops with the Remington gun may be considered as completed. Russia is making great efforts to put the Clarke musket into the hands of her soldiers. Holland, Sweden, Roumania and Servia are just beginning to convert their guns after one or other of the patterns adopted by the other Powers. Turkey, Spain and Portugal being in want of funds, are sticking, for some time longer, to their present weapons.

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March 15, 67.

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August 1.

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August 6.

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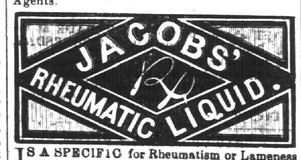

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Is an internal as well as an external remedy, and is the only one that *always* gives entire satisfaction, and all who once use it will never consent to change it for any other.
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They consist of three preparations—
THE BAUDEINE,
An efficient and prompt Remedy for Cholera, Yellow Fever, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and the excessive action of the Bowels. A gold medal was awarded by the French Government to Dr V. Baud for this valuable preparation.
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For strengthening the System.—Price 2s 9d per Bottle.
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*** The above Preparations are in the form of Sweetmeats, pleasant to the taste, and particularly adapted for Infants and Mothers nursing.
By the combination of the Iron or Iodine with Cress Seeds in a state of germination, they are united with organic life, which thus renders them digestible. The irritative and stubborn mineral has thus become the nucleus of an organic substance capable of being absorbed by the blood without injury to the stomach.
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"The day seems as yet, unhappily, far distant when public opinion or State interference will prevent the advertisement or sale of any secret medicine whatsoever. It is to be hoped that the profession will continue to brand as unworthy the conduct of those of its members who by testimonial or otherwise aid the disposal of such things."—*Lancet.*
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The Original Preparation of known Composition
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Sir,—I think if you would advertise your Chlorodyne more than you do, you would help to beat the others, which are secret compounds, out of the market. Many medical men think with me, and recommend your compound, but will never prescribe a secret remedy. CHARLES KIDD, M.D.
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LIQ. CHLOROFORMI Co. OR CHLORODYNE WITHOUT PEPPERMINT.
Sole Manufacturer:—A. P. Towle, Chemist, Manchester.

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PERFUMER by appointment to their Majesties the Emperor of the French, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the Queen of the Belgians, and the King of Portugal; and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
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